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Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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Editorial.

THERE are twenty-five Southern women registered in the Pennsylvania Medical College. In 1888 there was but one student from the South. This is encouraging. The hope of the South lies in the emancipation of its women. There, as elsewhere, the women hold the key of the situation. When they lead forward, then all will follow. Let women be ennobled and emancipated and the community will begin to be more noble and more free.

AN article in a daily paper accumulates a large number of facts which go to show that the college-bred women are beginning to be felt and heard in other avenues than those specifically regarded "culture lines." They are paying their attention to better cooking, domestic economy, agricultural pursuits and what not. Let women go to college!

IF ONE wishes to retain any respect for the Lenten season, at least for its modern uses, let him avoid reading the social column in the daily press. Among the items our own eyes have fallen upon regarding the latest thing in penitential suits and the substitution of study classes in history and art for the hops and receptions of the gayer period;—we have small faith in the results of such study classes,—nothing has more puzzled and discouraged us than one which describes the christening ceremonies of the grandchild of a prominent high-church divine in this city. The principal ceremony took place in the church, after which a "baptismal tea" was given at the home of the parents. The godfather of the small bit of humanity thus preserved to a life of spiritual grace and consecration gave a dinner in honor of the event at a fashionable hotel. The exercises closed with a box party at one of the theatres. Lists of the names of those honored with an invitation to take part in these various ceremonies ended the account. We next turned to the Prayer-book to refresh our memory as to the exact obligation assumed by the godparents in the baptismal rite. Here it is: "Dost thou, in the name of this child, renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires for the same, and the sinful desires of the flesh, so that thou wilt not follow nor be led by them?" We leave the reader to supply the rest of the comment.

THE *Christian Union* is one of the most intelligent exponents of the advanced wing of modern orthodoxy, but it falls into a common error when, in defining its position on the theological issues of the day, it states what it calls this two-fold truth: "As against all rationalism, that religion is a real life of God in the soul [illegible] as against [illegible]onism, that this life is and must be continually progressive, a life of growth, with no standards in the past to hinder its full and free development in the future." It is against the assumption that rationalism is necessarily opposed to the religion that is "a real life of God in the soul of man" we wish to protest. Nothing seems more difficult than to clear the popular mind of the misconceptions attaching to this word rationalism, which is made the synonym of materialism, atheism and agnosticism, without discrimination, when it means none of these. Rationalism is primarily a term describing a method of thought in religious matters, and the conclusions generally reached by that process are those of a scientific theism. The misuse of words has led to as much trouble in these matters as falsity of ideas.

THE wiseacres are still busy in the application of their little rules to the ills that spring from an age of continual hurry, and afflict the multitude of over-worked people on every side. Again we are reminded that the great Beecher succumbed to over-work, that a life of incessant labor and responsibility killed Horace Greeley, that work and worry, combined, carried off such men as Sumner, Clay and Webster. And yet what stores of rich inspiration, of actual and lasting good accomplished, would have been lost to the world if these men had passed their lives in that careful minute attention to themselves which might have insured a few more years of physical existence, but must inevitably have robbed life of half its joy and all its grander motives for being. It is so much more to live than simply to be alive; to match the heart beats to the living thought and genius of the age than to the minute hand of the doctor's watch; to keep the blood flowing in the direction of the strong mental currents of the day, careless if they sometimes run faster than the medical books prescribe. It is not half so important to know how men like Sumner and Greeley died, as how and why they lived. Dying is inevitable, with the great or small; but a full, earnest and noble life always remains man's choice. Health is very much like happiness, and is apt to fly him who seeks it too persistently.

REV. JOHN COLEMAN ADAMS, writing from New York, tells under what difficulties the Universalist church labors in that great city of wealth and fashion. He concludes that this denomination can never hope to gain a large increase from the so-called highest social circles, that its chief opportunity for growth in numbers lies "among the plain people of the middle class." "It is useless," he says, "to pin our faith upon the adhesion of the fashionable world." Thoughts like these have often visited the Unitarian. In proportion as religion deals with practical life, replacing doctrine with conscience and duty, making its appeal to reason and the sentiment of justice, the less interest it will possess for the selfish and thoughtless. The religion of the imagination and the senses is the only one the world of fashion can safely adopt, as long as it remains wedded and indivisible, luxury and pleasure. [illegible] know that particular [illegible] it was [illegible] well as social salvation.

THE Western Unitarian anniversaries consisting of the annual gatherings of the Western Unitarian Conference, the Women's Western Unitarian Conference, the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society, the Unity Publishing Committee, etc., will take place in Chicago, May 16, 17, 18, 19, and 20. We look forward to a large and important gathering at this time. In addition to the annual interest that has been steadily increasing in these meetings, there will be the special attractions and responsibilities of preparing for and studying the World's Fair opportunity and obligation. By that time, the buildings will be so far along that a visit to the same will probably be specially arranged, and will be in itself a preparatory lecture. Meanwhile, let our friends, far and near, set aside these days for the visit, and send promptly to the treasurer of the Conference the annual contribution. These bodies ask only for what has been received gladly in recent years. We can assure our readers that a programme is in course of preparation that will challenge their interest and sympathy from first to last. The opening sermon is to be given by the Rev. C. F. Bradley, of Quincy, Ill. Let everybody come!

THE "call" of Prof. Richard T. Ely, of Johns Hopkins, to the University of Wisconsin is the most marked recent event in educational circles, second not even to the brilliant appointments and splendid bequests that continue to mark the progress of affairs in the Chicago University. This appointment, aside from the tribute it offers to the ripened powers of Prof. Ely, may be taken as a distinct sign of the times and one more gain in the cause of practical education. The study of Social Economics is a comparatively new one in our schools and universities, and is a branch of learning that has yet to demonstrate itself in many minds as of equal rank and importance with the prescribed studies of the ancient curriculums. It is Johns Hopkins, more than any other single institute, that has removed prejudice on this subject, as it is Prof. Ely who has stood at the head of the new movement there, and through a combination of industry, devoted faith in the worth of his labors, and high talent, aroused a new spirit in college circles, spreading the cause of scientific instruction in lines most closely bearing on the practical welfare of mankind. It is said that the range of work assigned to Prof. Ely will be larger in his new field than in the old one; also, that a special course in Sociology will be arranged for students of the ministry, a feature that deserves strong commendation.

Roger Hunt.

It is not often that the UNITY editorial corps can boast of the production of a new novel by one of its number. When such an one appears, it is not strange that we are inclined to rejoice over it, as over a family matter. We look anxiously for its approach and sc[illegible] held [illegible] and, in this way, gives [illegible] press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., written by our associate, Mrs. Celia P. Woolley, deserves and will receive at our hands other than merely family congratulations, the indulgent recognition of a friend. That Mrs. Woolley has here produced a book which is a timely contribution to a deep and pressing problem, we have no doubt; that all right-minded people will hail with gratitude this earnest discussion, we are also sure; and if it does not receive a wide and thoughtful reading, it will be more from a lack of ethical earnestness and moral sincerity upon the part of the readers, than for lack of merit in the book itself. This story is one more essay in the direction of that coming novel which is ever coming, never quite yet arrived, at least since George Eliot ceased to write—a novel, the inspiration of which, will be the moulding and forming of character, rather than the arousing and gratification of emotions. A novel in which love in its post-nuptial activities will be a potent force.

The novel that is through with love at the marriage service finds in Roger Hunt no illustration. This book is, indeed, a serious study of the marriage problem, a contrast between passional love and aspirational love. The former is measured by the amount of feeling it arouses; the latter by the amount of duty it inspires. Roger, himself, is a character which we may hope is not often duplicated in life, but, we fear, is not without his counterpart. He is a seeker after culture, a devotee to the pleasurable and the artistic, without recognition of the fact that he is enmeshed in society, has duties to it and receives support and benefit from it. He is described as "belonging to that fanatical order of mind that is never so sure it is right as when standing alone." Roger is an illustration of the most tyrannical egotism; a refined egotist,

who presumes by virtue of his superior culture, his superfine nature and his unflinching will, to tyrannize over, not only individuals, but custom, communities and the order of nature itself. The story is one of intense life and thought, perhaps too much so for the finest artistic results. It is full of rapid dialogue, packed tight with epigrammatic and quotable wisdom. The refined Roger, a man free from the pollutions of a gross nature, but thoroughly selfish, making feeling the justification of all action, moves through the story, a hurting and cruel influence upon every life that comes within his reach. He defies the claims of marriage when his first wife sinks into the humiliating helplessness of the inebriate asylum, and persuades the right-hearted and in the main, the right-minded Eleanor to share his life on the plane of what he believes a higher loyalty.

But no sojourn in Europe, no giving of one's life to high study, was able to bring the happiness, thus sought, to save even the parties immediately involved, still less other lives dependent upon them, from the inevitable humiliations and perplexities of such a situation. The book is a cool word on a hot subject. It does not ignore the sanctities of the heart, but it does insist that they be held in line with and subject to the demands of the head. It makes of love *one* of the social forces of the world, not the only force, and shows how love becomes unlovely and hurtful when it ignores the other equally sacred forces of life, reason, conscience, and that co-operative will governing society. The very excellence of Roger makes him mean and intolerable. The very sweetness and purity of Eleanor can not save her from the sad results of a duty misconceived.

We would like to whet the expec- [illegible] on of our readers by quoting a few [illegible] in which these pages abound, but our space does not warrant many; besides, we can confidently advise our readers to seek them for themselves.

Mrs. Woolley has produced in this, her third novel, the best one of the three, and one that is so good that we can confidently expect others, still better to follow. There are occasional lapses of skill, but never a lapse of interest; a little flavor of bookishness here and there, which would indicate that the writer did not quite trust her own wing, and this distrust is to the hurt of the book. She has also practiced too much condensation, in parts that need more expansion, to fill out her true thought and meaning. The motto on the title page, representing the theory of love which she has attempted to work out, is from Emerson's "Initial, Demonic and Celestial Love," and describes the motive of her book

> "But God said,
> I will have a purer gift;
> There is smoke in the flame."

Here are a few sentences to tantalize the readers with: "We are not put here to escape but to bear things." "Love is the only reason for entering marriage, but is only one for continuing in it." "It is only the sense of blame in ourselves that brings real suffering." "Only God, whose righteous motive is always assured, had a right to such an unbending will as Roger's. Human strength must bear some proportion to human weakness, else it becomes devil's strength." "How little women know men before they have displeased them." "The melancholy egotism of the unhappy is an indisputable fact." "We are our own worst and most dangerous society when we are in trouble."

We hope that UNITY columns will have more to say of this book, written for so commendable a purpose, from such a healthy standpoint. Let love be sane and it will become divine. Let the wooed and the wooing read and heed this book.

An Old Complaint.

Unitarianism is again brought to the bar of judgment, on the time-worn charge, that it is proved to have no power to win the interest or allegiance of the masses. This time it is the *Watchman* which repeats the charge, declaring that upon this test alone the religion of Channing and Parker "has signally failed to vindicate itself." Our orthodox contemporaries would feel more hopeful about us perhaps, if they knew how often this very subject is brought up for discussion in the pulpit and at nearly every conference. But we confess that to us it has never assumed quite the same proportion that it does in the mind of both our home and the outside critic. We find a good deal of the talk on this subject, as of most of that relating to the especial needs and claims of the "masses," repellant both to taste and judgment. This dislike springs from an underlying hypothesis, which we believe to be fundamentally false and misleading. If we could at once and forever dismiss the mental conception that this term gives rise to, and all consequent ideas about dealing with any set or class of men in hordes or by the lump, we should have gone far in the attainment of those results we are working to reach. "The first thing to do for the masses," said Dr. Hirsch, at a meeting of the Sunset Club, the other night, "is to 'unmass' them." Wiser words were never spoken; but long before the professional philanthropist and reformer have found out how to do this, the masses will have unmassed themselves. Indeed, they are rapidly do- [illegible] ing that already, so [illegible] well as contradicts our republican theories, every time we use this term.

If Unitarianism has not reached the masses, it is because its whole spirit and history are opposed to the assumptions underlying the use of that word. As Edward Everett Hale is fond of saying, Unitarianism is the principle of democracy at work in religion, teaching that all men are equal in their chances for gaining heaven, for using their own minds in the questions pertaining to soul and conscience, as they are to profit by the opportunities and rewards of this mundane existence. But if Unitarians have failed to meet the expectations of the world, or their own wish, in the degree of popular interest drawn to their particular teachings, they have yet found a field quite as ripe for the harvesting; that which the senior editor of UNITY is fond of describing in the words of George Eliot as "the perishing upper classes." If Unitarianism has been able to make some slight impression on the minds of the thoughtful and intelligent, the well-to-do and happy, enlarging the sense of human worth, as Channing first taught us to do, helping divest the mind of man of false and pernicious ideas of God and the universe, it has done something; and our severest critics will admit it has some claim to recognition here. In the eyes of the All-seeing "the masses" may not be in greatest need of special labors in this direction; while the faith that has won leadership in the world of thought has as honorable and needful a part to play in evolution as those which, by slighting the claims of thought, win greater numbers to their support.

C. P. W.

LABOR is the inevitable lot of the majority, and the best education is that which will make their labor most productive.—*Froude.*

Rev. John W. Chadwick on Col. Ingersoll.

It is not often that Mr. Chadwick is caught napping. But, like Homer, he does sometimes nod apparently; for in his wise and witty criticism of Col. Ingersoll's recent address before the Unitarian Club of New York our poet preacher, as reported in the *Christian Register*, of February 25, uses these lines:

> "Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
> For 'tis their nature to."

No doubt that is the form in which this unhappy passage is quoted by the unpoetic crowd. But a poet, like Mr. Chadwick, should have more sympathy for a brother poet than to make him end a line with the preposition *to*, without its verb. What Watts really wrote was, as every man knows who had that poem lodged in his memory when a boy:

> "Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
> For God hath made them so;
> Let bears and lions growl and fight,
> For 'tis their nature too."

But our Homer nods in mathematics as well as in poetry, though perhaps with more excuse. He says there are some things which God can not do. "He can not . . . make two parallel lines anything but forever separate." Yet modern geometry has frankly given up that idea and tells us that "lines which meet at infinity are parallel." So that parallel lines may meet, according to the new and higher geometry, if they are only continued to infinity, as they can easily be by an infinite being.

Therefore, it is unsafe for finite minds to assert what the Infinite can not do in mathematics, or in metaphysics either. And for this reason we are inclined to think Mr. Chadwick nods in his metaphysics as well as his mathematics and his poetics. [illegible] it safe to answer any one who finds [illegible] is world cruel—as Col. Ingersoll does—that God could not help mak- [illegible] ing it so? "So help him God, he could no otherwise!"

Is it not safer and sounder to say that, if we knew all the reasons the Infinite has for doing as he does, we feel sure the reasons would be sufficient to convince any reasonable mind that this world is not cruel? Yet as we do not know all his reasons we have to assume that he is reasonable and kind and good. But we can not force others to make that assumption also, any more than we can force a child to assume and admit that the physician is kind who causes him pain.

The most rational of religions requires some faith to save it from doubt and despair. And if a man have not the faith, we can not put it in him by telling him that God could not help the Lisbon earthquake or the New York tragedy of the Hotel Royal, as Mr. Chadwick does. He may well answer with John Stuart Mill that such a God can not be omnipotent, however well-meaning he may be. Such acts are cruel, seen by our finite eyes, and they can cease to be so only when the imagination of faith conceives their results to be carried out to infinity; as under the same circumstances the parallel lines can meet and cease to be "forever separate."

Only some "far-off, divine event," some infinite outcome, can reconcile the cruelty of this world with the kindness of an omnipotent being, and bring the parallel lines together at last.

A. W. G.

LIFE is for action. We can not wait for proof or we shall never begin to obey. . . . To act we must assume, and that assumption is faith. —*John Henry Newman.*

SIN is never a knight upon horseback, but a savage in ambush.—*The Interior.*

Seeking the Highest.

And now, though some of us may be unable with the eye of the intellect to see Him, let us not fail by true thoughts and pure desires and upright deeds to put ourselves into harmony with Him. There has been preserved in mediæval literature the beautiful legend of Saint Christopher. Of huge proportions and immense strength, he wandered long about the world before his conversion, seeking for the greatest King, and willing to obey no other. After serving various masters, he heard of the Christ, and asked of a holy hermit where he could find Him. The hermit told him to fast and pray; but the giant replied that, if he fasted, he would lose his strength, and he did not know how to pray. Then the hermit told him to make his home on the banks of a dangerous mountain torrent, where travelers were often drowned in crossing, and to rescue any that might be in peril. He did as he was told, and saved many lives. And God looked down from heaven, and said, "Behold, my strong son, who knows not how to worship, but has found the way to serve me!" My friends, worship is noble; but service is nobler. Does the intellect fail to find its way even through human nature up to human nature's God, let not our hearts fail through the love of humanity, to feel our way into oneness with humanity's God. Thus shall our text come true: "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God."—*H. D. Maxson, in the Christian Register.*

Men and Things.

BEGGING in the streets, whether by single individuals or by groups, is now forbidden in Lisbon.

WE understand Bishop Brooks is to offer the prayer at the dedication of the World's Fair exercises next October.

THE hospital recently opened at Glasgow [illegible] Aberdeen is free to women only, and is to be worked by a staff of lady doctors.

IT is stated that a genuine Hogarth has just been discovered, during the valuation of the contents of a country mansion near Hythe, belonging to an old country family.

THE New Century Club of Philadelphia is one of the most practical and successful of such organizations. Its membership is over five hundred. Many other smaller auxiliary societies have grown out of this one, as the New Century Guild, and the New Century Browning Club. There is also a Country Club Association whose object is described in the title. The Club owns its own home, a handsome structure of Pompeian brick, designed by a woman architect, Minerva Parker.

MLLE. LOUISE MICHEL, the noted woman socialist of Paris, recently gave a lecture before a London literary club on "The Value of Realism in Literature and Art." Mlle. Michel thinks truth is always preferable, though a great deal depends, of course, on the way it is told. She is of the opinion the novel will soon disappear, because the more one thinks and lives the less one cares for fiction. If any kind of a novel remains, it will be the scientific one. Mlle. Michel places the study of science very high and believes it will be the chief study of the future.

WE lately spoke of the backwardness of New York in kindergarten work as compared with Chicago. We now learn that some of the wealthy citizens of that city have pledged $50,000 for the establishment of free kindergartens if Sarah B. Cooper, the successful founder of the kindergarten system of San Francisco, will take up the work. Mrs. Cooper, however, feels that she can not leave the great work in San Francisco to which $260,000 have been contributed during the past twelve years. Sixteen of the thirty-two kindergartens have been liberally endowed.

PROF. GEORGE W. HOUGH, of the Dearborn Observatory of Northwestern University is one of the distinguished astronomers of the day. His studies have been especially directed to the planet Jupiter and its satellites on whose various phenomena he is regarded as authority. He is the author of works on astronomy and meteorology, a popular writer in the leading scientific journals of this country and Europe, and said to be the inventor of "more astronomical machines and instruments of precision than any other man now living." His meteorological instruments are used in the United States Signal Service.

Contributed and Selected.

A Wish.

May pure religion, free from every shade of
ill,
From bitterness of creed and social strife,
Man's fair and full expression of good will,
Defend and glorify our common life.
Let it be gentle as the summer dew,
As quick to help as pity sweet and keen;
As lily from the slime and water grew,
So be its pure, white, perfumed petals seen;
It is the joy of earth to live its loving life,
And bliss of heaven to conquer in its holy
strife.

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

A Suggestion to Unity Clubs.

I see by a note somewhere, that a society has been formed in Brooklyn (in Moncure Conway's home) for improving conversation. Allow me to make a suggestion in that connection.

It has been my experience that whenever conversation rises a little above gossip and the like, it loses its naturalness and spontaneity, ceases to be conversation and partakes more of the nature of recitation and brief speech-making. And it is further the verdict of nearly all foreigners who have visited the United States that social intercourse is more formal, stiff and uninteresting here than anywhere in continental Europe. It has often seemed to me that Unity Clubs could add greatly to their already great usefulness by endeavoring to remedy these two shortcomings; to work their own higher thought atmosphere into the free and easy conversation of ordinary social intercourse, and at the same time to make that social intercourse more real, more informal, more close and beautiful. And as one method of doing this, I have thought of the following:

It appears to be a fact established by universal experience, that a *social meal* brings people closer together, removes or relaxes restraint, and can at least be made to lead up to a true *communion*. I suggest, therefore, that Unity Clubs meet occasionally (as once a month) not to study, but for purely social purposes,—simply to enjoy one another's society,—and that such meetings or festivals be introduced by a common meal, for which a good, round time is to be allowed, say one hour. As they do not meet to eat, but rather eat to meet, the meal can be perfectly simple and easy of preparation, such, for instance, as constantly brings men closer together in older countries—a cup of tea with bread and butter. It would, no doubt, be well to banish by rule the pastry-ism "pie."

Then further, in place of the stiff, long table, which I have usually seen on similar occasions, where conversation is made as difficult as possible, and usually degenerates into mere lecturing by one or two, and humble listening by the rest, I would introduce another old country custom; the use of a number of small tables, scattered through the rooms (with one central one for service and dishes), seating from two to six. The members should then be entirely free to select their seats, except for such wise and able assistance as a good host will give his guests.

Let there then be selected for the evening (and perhaps best left unannounced till then) a few topics around which all conversation must cluster; but in every other respect have perfect freedom and seek to remove all restraint. A few short speeches might also be called for from members (without previous warning) during the meal, to relieve the conversation, add variety, and again unite in one train of thought and one great group all the little groups at the tables.

It would remain for the wise manager of this feature of the club to see that on rising from the tables, as well as on succeeding evenings, new groups were formed, constantly varying in composition, so that all members gradually might meet in this closer way.

The latter part of the meeting might be arranged, as is now usual at such social club-meetings, with song, music, recitation, addresses, etc. But all this should be understood to be, *not* the main part of the meeting, but introduced only to serve the main purpose, the easy, pleasant social intercourse on a higher plane. All stiffness and restraint should be carefully guarded against here also. The members should never be made to sit in rows like school children, nor in a line against the walls. Allow them still to form groups—ever varying, dissolving and uprising,—and do not interrupt conversation too often with these other more formal things.

Finally, let all, always, be encouraged to express their *own* opinions and feelings, instead of merely reciting and echoing those of "masters" and "authorities," or giving forth those felt to be expected and required.

Respectfully,

H. TAMBS LYCHE.

The Question of Ordination.—A Reply.

The recent communication in UNITY of the Rev. S. A. Eliot, regarding what constitutes the practice and custom of the ordination of Unitarian ministers, was clearly and nobly answered by the editorial in the same number of the paper. However, there is a slight oversight of a difficulty which in this particular respect touches churches rather than individual ministers. Is there, or has there ever been [illegible] Unitarian [illegible] and established article or method of ordaining a clergyman in the general Unitarian church, or state law governing these Unitarian churches and clergymen as to ordination? If so, what is it? If there is, the law demands a conformity to it. If the general state law fixes the fact of ordination by stating *how* or *when* or *where* the Liberal and Unitarian clergy should be ordained, then it should be conformed to; but as the editorial plainly shows, such is not the case, for "the acceptance of him by a Unitarian society, makes of him a Unitarian minister in the eyes of the law and custom," and this is I hope the correct answer to Mr. Eliot's inquiry. I had the occasion to point out a few years ago in the *Unitarian Review** how necessary it was for all church organizations, as corporate bodies under the state law, that they should, in the establishment of their particular church polity and constitutions, bear especial mind to a conformity of these church society laws to state law regulating such churches, especially as long as such is necessary and serviceable—as to

1. The incorporation of religious societies.
2. The powers, duties, and manner of election of trustees; how long to continue in office; rotation in office; election of new trustees.
3. Qualification of members to vote for trustees.
4. Salaries of ministers; how ascertained and paid.
5. Revenue of churches; how limited.

Many other minor acts could be cited, but the above is sufficient. A church to be on the safe, if not the right side, should, as long as the State is authority in legislative affairs governing ecclesiastical bodies, conform to the law where such conformity is necessary.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

*May, 1889.

Gems From the Orient.

SELECTIONS FROM INDIA'S MOST ANCIENT BOOKS, ALL OF WHICH ANTEDATE JEWISH SCRIPTURE. PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

THE soul is the assemblage of the Gods. The universe rests in the Supreme Soul. It is the soul that accomplishes the series of acts emanating from animate beings. So the man who recognizes the Supreme Soul as present in his own soul, understands that it is his duty to be kind and true to all, and the most fortunate destiny that he could have desired is that of being finally absorbed in Brahma.—*Manu.*

ALL that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts: it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him as the wheel follows the foot of him who draws the carriage . . . If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him like a shadow that never leaves him.—*Dhammapada.*

NOTHING is commenced or ended. Everything is transformed. Life and death are only modes of transformation which rule the vital molecule from plant up to Brahma himself.—*Atharva Veda.*

NEITHER by the eyes, nor by spirit, nor by the sensuous organ, by austerities, nor by sacrifices, can we see God. Only the pure, by the light of wisdom and by deep meditation, can see the pure God.—*Upanishad.*

THE small old path stretching far away, has been found by me. On it, sages who know Brahman move on to the heavenly place, and thence higher on, entirely free.—*Yajnavalkya.*

THE Supreme Spirit is one, simple and indivisible; being all, pervading [illegible] know [illegible] physical appearance [illegible] it was [illegible] and the ignorant alike.—*Bhagavad Gita.*

STUDY all Scriptures written, near or far; worship all images and saints of earth; but if you do not study who you are, all your best actions are nothing worth.—*Hindu verse.*

TIME, like a seven-wheel'd, seven-nav'd car, moves on: His rolling wheels are all the worlds, His axle is immortality.—*Atharva Veda.*

RESIGNATION, the action of rendering good for evil, temperance, probity, purity, repression of the senses, knowledge of holy books and of the Supreme Soul, truthfulness, and abstaining from anger; such are the ten virtues in which consists duty. . . Those who study these ten precepts of duty, and after studying them conform their lives thereto, will reach the supreme condition.—*Manu.*

FOR thoughts alone cause the round of re-birth in this world; let a man strive to purify his thoughts. What a man thinks, that he is: this is the old secret.—*Upanishad.*

ONLY when men shall roll up the sky like a hide, will there be an end of misery, unless God has first been known.—*Svetvatara-Upanishad.*

THERE is one Eternal Thinker thinking non-eternal thoughts: He, though one, fulfills the desires of many. The wise, who perceive Him within themselves, to them belong eternal life, eternal peace.—*Upanishad.*

THE good is one thing, the pleasant another; these two, having different objects, chain a man. It is well with him who clings to the good; he who chooses the pleasant misses his end.—*Katha-Ubanishad.*

IT is better to do one's own duty, even though devoid of excellence, than to perform another's duty well.—*Bhag-Gita.*

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Success.

SERMON PREACHED BY REV. S. M. CROTHERS, UNITY CHURCH, ST. PAUL, SUNDAY A. M., FEBRUARY, 14, 1892.

"I therefore run, as not uncertainly; so fight I as not beating the air."—*I. Cor. 9.*

John Stuart Mill deplores as one of the great evils in the intellectual world our easy acceptance of generally received ideas; and Paul declares that it is possible so to use the truth, or rather so to abuse it, that the very truth of God becomes a lie. Next to the man who proclaims a great principle, is the man who is bold enough to contradict it, because only through continual contradiction are we kept thinking and do we find the real truth which is, may be, in our pet phrases. There is something in a truism so snug and self-complacent that it perpetually irritates us, and we long for the time when we shall be clever enough to successfully refute it. Just as the school-boy longs for the time of full manhood when he can revenge himself on the schoolmaster, so he looks forward to the time when he can challenge the moral maxims of the copy-book. I rather doubt the knowledge of human nature of those who imagine that fine morals can be taught in the schools by mere repetition. The first thing the boy does when he grows up, is to try if those principles which he has learned by rote, will not work just as well when they are turned inside out; if a sort of inverted morality will not be the manly thing. Men of genius have a great deal of the boyish feeling, the sense of mere power and its waywardness about them, and they love nothing so much as to startle the commonplace world with a new paradox. Get some principle universally estab- [illegible] so; and we all admire that man, no matter how much we may be shocked at his appearance. We like the boldness of one, who, as Sidney Smith says, "Dares to speak disrespectfully of the equator." We like to see whether these things we have been taught as absolute facts will stand investigation. We are rather glad to see when some one like Charles Lamb point out the fallacies which are in all our popular proverbs. We say that it is a law of the mind, that a man believes only that which is reasonable to himself at least. That is a truism beyond contradiction. And then we are startled by the old schoolman who arose and said, "I believe the gospel because it is incredible." We are set to thinking whether there is not something in faith that may possibly transcend our common sense. Every man, we say, loves personal comfort and seeks that; that is human nature. "No, it is not so," says St. Simeon, "and I will prove it by standing on a pillar all my life in the most uncomfortable posture I can invent." "But you must find it painful?" we say. "I rather enjoy it," answers the saint, with a beatific groan. "Every man seeks wealth. Money answereth all things," says the old proverb. "No, it does not," says St. Francis, "I worship only holy poverty and follow only her." "Good deeds are meritorious—that seems beyond dispute," said the good churchman of the sixteenth century. "No, they are not, there is no merit in them," says Martin Luther, and pushed them all aside. "Civilization is a great good thing," droned the philosophers of the eighteenth century. "The worst thing in the world," said Rousseau, "let us all go back to the state of nature." "Many of us will miss heaven, but we all want to go to heaven," says the preacher. "For myself," says Colonel Ingersoll, in his most genial tones, "I prefer your hell to your idea of heaven." Now, what are you going to do with a man who asserts himself and his own opinion against the world? Men of genius are so in the habit of doing this, that certain scientific persons have recently broached the theory that genius is but a kind of insanity; but when a man of science happens himself to have a touch of genius he is not apt to agree with his opinion. And Professor Huxley dares to say that common sense is often but another name for common ignorance, and because common sense declares a certain thing to be true does not make it at all past controversy.

Something of the reaction against received opinion may be seen just at the present time in the treatment of success in life. "Nothing succeeds like success"—that seems to be so tautological that though it adds nothing to our knowledge it can scarcely be denied. We all want to succeed, and we all admire the men who have succeeded. And more, we ask ourselves the way in which the man made his life to succeed. All the poets from Homer to Tennyson have been glorifying success. Even the Hebrews, with their sense of righteousness, had this great sense, that the righteous man not only deserved but commanded success. Time failed them to tell of Samson and Jepthah and David, and all the mighty men who wrought righteousness, subdued kingdoms and put to flight the armies of the aliens. The epics of the world have been in praise of arms and heroes. Each nation has told how its successful men gained the victory over fate. Whether the tale is of the Cid, or of William Tell, or the Bruce, the moral everywhere is the same,—that although all powers of the world are against the man who stands for patriotism and truth, yet there lies within a power which shall overcome all. Woe to the conquered! All hail to the victor! To the victor, not only belong the spoils of the battle, but to the victor belong the plaudits of posterity.

American thought accepted this idea of the successfulness of success to its utmost. Poor Richard is one of our prophets, telling us how, through industry and frugality, we may succeed. And no book from the other side of the water gained quicker response than Samuel Smiles's stories, telling of the way in which the great inventors and the great merchants and the great manufacturers applied the principles of self-help, and how the man may be equal always to his destiny. But within a few years a change has come over our thought; a wave starting in Europe has at last reached our shores, bringing with it a certain doubt as to whether success is in the highest sense possible to any mortal. Lord Tennyson, who is rather a poet of the past than of the present, loves to laud the successful man; and yet in one of his minor poems he has given us, in the title, the theme upon which the new poets of our day are dwelling. He calls it "The confessions of a second rate mind not at unity with itself." Why should we write any more, it is said, about the heroes of the world—the great strong men who attained their purpose? Do we not realize that the greater number of men do not have any purpose at all, still less reach it? The great majority are not of the first rate, but the second rate and the tenth rate; not the men of some clear aim, but minds not at unity with themselves. Let us write, henceforth, not of the achievements of the great, but of the failures of the many.

In looking through the poems which appear in our American and English magazines month by month, I have been struck with the fact that almost every one of them is in the minor key. Alas, for the failure and the loss and the hopeless woe of the world, these sweet singers are repeating plaintively! We sing, they say, not of the great, not of the heroes of battle, whose names are remembered, but we stand when the battle is all over and listen to the groans of the wounded and try to so reproduce them that we may know what all the struggle means. They write poems to "My Lady Sorrow," rather than to "The Goddess of Victory." They tell how men lost the battle, rather than how they won it. The man who appears before us, whose life and character is deemed worthy the most patient analysis is no longer the man who has won his way upward to the table-land where God himself is sun and moon; we are rather shown the realistic picture of the average man to whom is given little power to enjoy or to achieve. George Eliot's Oxford scholar is a familiar character; "Questioning all things, and yet half-convinced. Credulity were better; held inert 'twixt fascinations of all opposites." The man is vague, even in his aspirations, futile in his performance. His keenness of intellect only suffices to show him the fallacy of his own opinions. He says, "I am but a voice, my life is but a life of winds and tides, no more than winds or tides can I avail." It is not that tragedy has just been found out—but that a new kind of tragedy is brought to us. The old tragedy was not a depressing thing at all. There were great strong men, the very kings of earth, engaged in a battle with fate. By and bye they were killed. Fate proved stronger in the outward battle-field; but in the true battle-field the man conquered and he went to his death defying fate—true, still, to himself. The characteristic of our current literature, is that after the man does the good deed, he himself doubts whether it is worth doing at all, and leaves us only with an interrogation and not with the shout of victory even upon dying lips. His friend asks Silas Lapham whether his adherence to righteousness after all, brought him any sense of happiness. "Do you ever have any regret," he delicately inquired, "about what you have done?" "Well, I don't always seem as if I done it. It seems sometimes as if a hole opened for me and I crept out of it. I don't know as I should always say it paid, but if I done it, and the thing was to do over again right in the same way, I guess I should have to do it." This may be realistic but it is not inspiring. Mr. Henry James goes further than this; our very sense of righteousness, the pleasure that comes from a good deed, is in his eyes not quite in "good form," it shows an undeveloped state of mind. "That was really heroic," said Felix. "That is what he wanted to do," Gertrude went on; "he wanted to be magnanimous; he wanted to have a fine moral pleasure; he made up his mind to do his duty, he felt exalted, he felt sublime—that is how he likes to feel." Think of the transports of the martyrs, think of the patriots who dared to say that it was a joy to die for one's country, and then find it all analyzed into a fine moral pleasure which one person selfishly enjoys, just because "he likes to feel that way," as another person likes to enjoy some sensuous gratification.

In our religion, the same idea is coming more and more to the front. Religion is treated as a beautiful ideal far away in the distance, but nobody can attain to it, no one can do the thing we talk of doing; no one can really live the life we preach; we can only think about it. Sometimes it seems worth trying for, and sometimes not. And the man who does in some way attain to the spiritual life, does not go into it as into a heaven of good, joining in the shout of them that triumph, but he "creeps through a hole," somehow or other, out of the lower into a better life. It is not a success, it is not a thing he wanted to do at all, but only the thing he happened to do, and perhaps all he could do under the circumstances. What is the reason for this reaction from the worship of success? I think it is largely due to the false idea of what success means. We must come back again to the nobler and more inspiring thought by learning the true meaning and value of success. We have been looking upon it as something which can be measured by some one vulgar and palpable standard. We Americans have called the successful man, usually, the man who gets the most votes, or the man who makes the most money—not the man who does the good thing, but the man who is most advertised and most praised by the community. We are coming to see that this vulgar kind of success in the first place is not satisfying, and in the second place it is not even practicable for the most of men. If we would see that life may succeed, that life *does* succeed according to the measure of its true worth, we must first of all put before us some worthy sufficient ideal of life. That is what Paul says. He looks upon the games in which men strive and the battles which they fight, and he says these men are ever striving for success. And what is the condition of success?—success in the game, success on the battle-field, success anywhere? The first condition is, in our common phrase, that a man shall know what he is driving at; that he shall have one purpose and keep that in view, and measure all his attainments by that. The one thing which prevents success is uncertainty, the mere beating of the air. He who would attain, must first of all settle for himself what the true prize is for which he strives.

Now, what is the measure of true success in life? Is it something external to ourselves? Or, is it something inherent, that belongs to our own deed, to our own selves? If it is something external, then it must be conditioned by all the influences which produce these external results. If we find it in ourselves and in the quality of our own work, then we succeed in just so far as that work is true and noble. What is it to succeed in literature, for instance? English critics never weary of calling our attention to the fact that the writer whose books had been most widely sold in America is the late Rev. E. P. Roe; and Mr. Andrew Lang, writing a letter which comes very near home to us, addressed to "Mrs. Goodheart, in the Upper Mississippi Valley," calls her attention to the fact that a thousand copies of the works of Mr. Roe have been sold in the Upper Mississippi Valley to two of those of Fielding. The moral which he draws is not that Mr. Roe was successful in making good literature, but, as he imagines, the people of the Upper Mississippi Valley are not very successful in knowing what good literature is. It is a criticism, not at all upon the writer, but a criticism upon the reader. What would you say of one who had gone to John Milton, after he had completed "Paradise Lost" and condoled with him thus: "Poor Milton, how sorry I am for your lack of success! Only twenty pounds for this book of yours, and very few readers indeed! Alas, alas, for the poor man!" You would have said that this man did n't know what Milton was trying to do, that he was not trying to make a hundred pounds or a thousand pounds,—he was aiming to write a great epic. And just in proportion as that epic was noble, Milton succeeded. It takes a long time to convince the mass of men that it is possible to aim at anything but

money, or at any higher success than can be measured by votes. But just as these higher standards come, will we find that success is not anywhere a matter that is left to chance, but is directly proportioned to the truth and honesty of the work that is done.

And when we come to religion and morality, I think we must take, as of old, only from a higher standpoint, the tone of assurance; we may be sure that the best things are possible. Failure comes here only to the coward and the sluggard. For what is it we want people to do? What has been the meaning of all true preaching since the world began? It is to bring to men the sense of the real values of life; of the things that are worth while and the things that are not worth while, and to show them that the things that are worth while are the things that may be done. Seek *first* the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, said Jesus; and that emphasis upon the word "first" is the necessary emphasis in religion. The moment you put the moral and the spiritual realities as the second best things, they profit nothing; failure is inevitable; you are beating the air; you are running uncertainly. It is not the first best thing to gain the battle, and the second best thing to be brave. It is not the first best thing to gain the office, and the next best thing to be worthy of it. The best thing lies in the safe place of the man's own heart, and when the deed is done it takes its place as one of the permanent forces of the universe. What a sense of strength there comes when you turn to the pages of old Plutarch. His men had no questions as to whether life was worth while. They were men so strong of purpose, so broad of mind, so courageous of heart that for them simply to live in Athens or in Rome was success enough. Their mere lives gave meaning to all the circumstances which surrounded them. No matter whether they were ostracized, no matter whether they were slain at last,—they triumphed because they were what all true men longed to be. No one fretted himself because of evildoers when such men are living. Thus to live was itself the supreme triumph of humanity.

Now, when we come with any thought of excellence, to embody it in human character and human action is glory enough. This is getting the best thing, and to lose sight of the fact that this *is* the best thing, is to fore-doom one's life to miserable failure, failure that always comes from divided councils. Who is the successful general? The common voice says it is easy enough—the man who gains the battle. Not so does the military critic say: The successful general is the one, who, under all the circumstances does the very best thing that man can do. Military critics praise Fabius still,—the man who did not fight the battles, but who was great at retreating because it was necessary that he should retreat in order that Rome might be saved. The first thing is to determine our "objective." One point there is, which to gain is success, and which to lose is failure. The wise man sees this and the true man strives for it with all his heart. There have been warriors who have gained each single battle and yet lost the campaign. Their victories were barren, for though their "tactics" were successful, they failed in "grand strategy." They fought uncertainly.

The solemn question with which the Westminster catechism begins, strikes the key-note of ethics and religion—"What is the chief end of man?" To rightly answer that question is to insure victory. The true heroes of the world are those who early seeing the chief end of man, have striven for it in singleness of heart. And who shall say that such strife has ever been in vain? Surely not, if the development of noble manhood is the highest aim of man's life. Who shall snatch the victory from the Stoic pilot, when amid the storm he can say with reverent courage, "Thou mayest drown me, O Neptune, or thou mayest save me; my part is to keep the rudder true."

Do not waste your pity on those who demand your admiration. The hero dies upon the battle-field, but with undaunted heart he faces death and overcomes it. The prophet preaches an unwelcome truth and the people reject him and the message which he brings. That is their failure and shame, not his. So far as he has seen the truth and loyally obeyed it, he has reached his own high aim. Enough for him that he has "fought a good fight and has kept the faith." And he whose heart has been touched by that Divine love which is the center of religion, has left the sense of possible failure far behind. So to love is to have entered into eternal life. What height or depth, or thing present or thing to come can separate him from the love of God?

"Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors."

The Study Table.

The undermentioned books will be mailed, postage free upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

Religion and Life. Edited by Richard Bartram, 1891. Published by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Essex Hall, Essex street, Strand, W. C.

Mr. Bartram writes a brief introduction and contributes one of the nine essays. The contents of the volume are as follows, viz., Religion and Theology, by James Drummond, M. A. LL.D., (Principal of Manchester New College, Oxford). Religion and Science, by Charles [illegible] ent Coe, F. R. G. S. Religion and Ethics, by Charles Barnes Upton, B. A. B. Sc. (Manchester New College). Religion and Trade, by James R. Beard, J. P. Religion and Citizenship, by Richard Bartram. Religion and Amusements, by J. E. Manning, M. A. Religion and Society, by Phillip Henry Wicksteed, M. A., (Warden of University Hall). Religion and Art, by Laurence Pearsall Jacks, M. A. Modern Religious Developments, by William George Tarrent, B. A. These essays are admirable illustrations of the thinking of men "trained under Unitarian influences," and while not attempting to give any statement of Unitarian doctrine, they are offered "as a contribution towards a solution of some of the difficulties and problems which surround" the several important topics treated. Each topic is timely and interesting and is discussed with that courage and dignity and intelligence which become the truly liberal thinker in these closing years of the nineteenth century. Of but one only, have we space to make special mention, that on "Religion and Ethics," by Charles Barnes Upton. The author traces much of the confusion in the common mind as to the relation between Religion and Ethics to purely "linguistic causes." A definition of terms is therefore the first step towards an understanding of the subject. It is clear that certain low kinds of morality, so called, have no relation to religion. "Genuine morality, I take it, always involves the recognition of, and acquiescence in, a law of conduct which has not its ground in the individual's own personal tastes and personal inferences, but is felt to carry with it universal and intrinsic authority, so that it can not be disobeyed without the consciousness that we have done what we ought not to have done, and so have violated, not merely our own individual nature, but that higher super-personal nature which is peculiar to no man, but is common to all." The relation of this kind of morality to religion is quite "intimate." And the author addresses himself to the task of making clear this relation. He quotes from Mr. Emerson and Mr. Gannett to show "that several of the more advanced thinkers of our time seem inclined to maintain that these two words (Religion and Ethics) when correctly and fully understood, mean practically one and the same thing," but concludes that neither of these men mean to identify Ethics and Religion, "but simply to emphasize the truth that it is mainly on the moral consciousness that all well-grounded theistic faith must ultimately be based." Quoting from Mr. Gannett that "Ethics, thought out, is religious thought;" Mr. Upton thinks the author of the saying "would not deny that there may be very genuine Ethics which is not thought out, and which therefore does not become religious thought in any intelligible sense." Mr. Upton believes that a real distinction exists between Ethics and Religion, but religion as he defines it, easily becomes necessary to maintain ethics "at a high level." His conclusion is "that there can be no possible antagonism between Ethics and rational and vital Religion," and "that the religious faith implied in the ethical consciousness will more and more unfold its infinitely rich resources, will more and more reveal the incarnation of the inmost spirit of the universe in man's moral and spiritual nature." The little volume, by the clearness and force of its thought, its moral enthusiasm and spiritual insight, is a welcome contribution to that nobler type of religious literature which is rapidly displacing the old discussions concerning sectarian creed and dogma.

J. R. E.

Dreams of the Dead. By Edward Stanton. Good Company Series. Boston: Published by Lee & Shepard. Paper, 268 pp. Price, 50 cts.

The name of this book indicates that it deals with the realm beyond our physical senses—a realm that is being investigated by learned, practical people more and more closely and scientifically. The tone of the book is reverent, the thought strong, the language fine and clear, and the psychic experiences related by the author, who claims to have had them in his "astral body" while the material body lay sleeping, are interesting, and calculated to make one think earnestly, however much he may agree or disagree with the author's theories or conclusions. "Unable to accept the doctrines of any theological creed, I could establish no reasonable basis of hope for any personal immortality. Judging any future life from the analogies of the present average individual existence, predominant in pain and sorrow, could anything happier be expected beyond the portals of bodily death? It was therefore a relief to rest on the authority of teachings that appealed to common sense; to feel that the mistakes of one earthly life might be redeemed by individual effort in the next succeeding material manifestation, even though the intermediate mundane region between physical and spiritual consciousness seemed filled with horror." This he says after several "lessons" received while in his "astral body," and perhaps what he saw and learned may be as much of a help to others who can believe in his way. But here is a lesson touching our life here: In talking to a wonderful man who had reached the advanced age of ninety-eight [illegible] vigorous man of fifty, and equally [illegible] mentally, he says, "If you possess the elixir of perpetual youth, if you have found by magic means the cordial so long sought for by the alchemists of every age, I beg a share in the secret." Note the reply: "The only cordial in my keeping is the ever-renewing power of correct thought." Then follows an explanation of what he means, that nearly agrees with the belief of the Christian scientist, except that he thinks no one can cure another, any more than he thinks drugs can. Much is said that touches upon Christian scientists, Theosophists, and other believers of their kind.

The excellent introduction to the book was written by Edward S. Huntington and its closing words are these, "I believe that the moral effect of 'Dreams of the Dead' ought to be most excellent, whatever shall be the individual opinions of its readers as to the occurrences related."

Periodicals.

THE editor of the *New England Magazine*, Edwin D. Mead, will command the sympathy of all sensible people in his protest against the silly and needless amount of "war brag" that entered into the late Chilian controversy. The article most likely to attract attention in this number is Mrs. Maria S. Porter's essay on "Recollections of Louisa May Alcott," which has already been widely noticed in the press. We have also a feeling of sympathy for the sentiments expressed by Mr. Harte, on "A Huckster of Religion," Rev. T. De Witt Talmage: "In spite of his occasional sensationalism Beecher was in earnest;" says this writer. "He did not flinch from uttering his convictions, though perhaps the opposition he encountered in orthodox quarters imbued those convictions often with a militantism they could have dispensed with. Talmage is a mere *poseur*—a *mouth*. He is a shepherd whose work in the Lord's vineyard, and the sensational, Sunday papers, makes one wonder whether the Lord is fully cognizant of his self-called servant. Talmage is a huckster in emotional religion; a man whom Barnum (who was not such a great humbug as he claimed to be, giving, as he did, everybody the worth of his money) could have claimed, and perhaps did, as a brother." An article of interest to musicians is that by Zitella Cocke, on "Schumann and Schubert," following which comes a description of dramatic scenes and incidents connected with the Salem witchcraft period. Another illustrated article of interest is that on "Bryant's New England Home."

THE *Forum* enters upon its seventh year with the March number. Among other subjects which it announces it means to give especial attention to the coming year are, the silver question, investigation into the educational work in our great cities, the discussion of problems connected with municipal government, the progress of the arts, etc. In the March number an article of particular interest to Chicagoans, in view of the coming World's Fair, is that by David Swing, on "What the American Sunday Should Be." Prof. Swing does not pretend to have a solution to the problem; he deplores the possible introduction of the European Sunday, but the world, it is plain to him also, has outgrown the Puritanic Sabbath. Prof. Peabody, of Harvard, writes of "A Case of Good City Government," using the city of Dresden, Germany, as his main illustration. Mr. Walter Besant talks of "The Work of the British Society of Authors," and Charles Burr Todd has a word of similar interest to say on the American author. The remaining contents are of the usual timely and instructive order.

THE *North American*, with its usual fondness for the symposium, finds a topic for one this month in the "Issues of the Presidential Campaign," to which several Congressional honorables make contribution from their varying political points of view. Dr. Cyrus Edson raises the question, "Do We live too fast?" and seems to think not, if we are careful to pay attention to well-known sanitary and hygienic laws. Director-General Davis writes of the Columbian Exposition, making an appeal to the patriotic sentiment of the country to support this great enterprise. The Hon. T. B. Reed and the Hon. W. S. Holman take part in a duet on the "Spending of Public Money." Lady Blake writes on "The Highlands of Jamaica," Capt. John Codman, of "Free Ships," and Wm. Elroy Curtis on "Our Commercial Relations with Chili." Following this is the second installment of "The Olympian Religion," by Mr. Gladstone. The usual department of Notes and News closes the number.

UNITARIAN readers, and many besides, will feel an especial interest in the opening article of the March *Atlantic*, by Rev. Brooke Herford, "An Old English Township." The other side of the University Extension movement has waited long to secure a voice, but seems to have reached one at last in Geo. Herbert L. Palmer, who gives us a chapter of his doubts on this subject. The most popular feature of this number is probably Miss Wiggin's story, "[illegible] a name found on the covers of [illegible] zine nearly every month. Miss Repplier is, perhaps, the most finished essayist of the day. Her subject here is "The Children's Poets." A war article is supplied from the pen of Jacob Dolson Cox, who writes on the primary question, "Why the Men Fought for the Union." An essay on "The American Pessimist" comes from Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., contrasting him as a modern social type with his kind in Germany and France. Mr. Crawford's serial is continued, and other short stories and sketches complete the number.

IN the last *Arena* Rev. M. J. Savage writes on a congenial topic,—"Psychical Research," giving his experiences in this line of investigation. Gen. Weaver has an article on the "Threefold Contentions of Industry." Prof. Buchanan makes a broad and earnest plea for popular education under a title that well defines his ideas on this subject,—"Full-Orbed Education." Hon. Walter Clarke contributes a strong appeal from the Socialistic point of view for the governmental control of the telegraph and telephone. The fiction of this number is supplied by the pen of Miss Will Allen Dromgoole, and Nellie Booth Simmons has a poem called the "Battle Hymn of Labor."

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

A Golden Gossip. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 348. Price, $1.50.

Travels in Faith. By Robert C. Adams. New York: The Truth Seeker Co. Paper, 12mo, pp. 238. Price, 25 cents.

Roger Hunt. By Celia Parker Woolley. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 12mo. Price, $1.25.

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TRUTHS FOR THE TIMES.
Fifty Affirmations concerning the Relations of Christianity to Free Religion. By Francis E. Abbot. 10 cents, post paid. CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Pubs., 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

BLESSED BE DRUDGERY—A sermon by W. C. Gannett, 2c. mailed. UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, Chicago.

Notes from the Field.

Western Unitarian Conference.—The Treasurer has to report the following amounts on

CURRENT EXPENSES.

Previously reported	$473.00
Mrs. C. J. Richardson, Princeton, Ill	5.00
Miss Harriett S. Tolman, Boston, Mass	20.00
First Cong'l Church, New Bedford, Mass	100.00
	$598.00

We hope to be able to report additional receipts in UNITY each week, before Conference convenes.

Decorah, Iowa.—The interest in the church work is steadily increasing. The services for the last five Sunday evenings have been arranged with a view to interesting and helping the young people. They have appreciated the services enough to leave few vacant seats. Both Mr. and Mrs. Pierce have taken part in these services. The aim has been to give plain, straightforward talks upon the things which interest the young people. The following subjects give an idea of what the work has been: The Young Man for To-day; Some Things not Taught at College; How to Succeed; The Living Present; Wild Oats.

The Lend-a-Hand Club concluded the study of Longfellow by giving a Longfellow Tea on the poet's birthday. The waiters were dressed to represent the different characters in Longfellow's poems: Hiawatha, Minnehaha, Evangeline, Elizabeth, Priscilla, Miles Standish, and John Alden formed a group of historical characters. "The Skeleton in Armor" furnished a "Prince's Child"; "The Spanish Student," the gypsy, Preciosa; and "The Masque of Pandora," the inquisitive Pandora. The supper was served in the church parlors opened for the first time that evening. After this, the company adjourned to the audience room where they listened to a pleasant musical and literary programme. The Longfellow Tea was a decided success and formed a fit ending to a study that had been both helpful and interesting.

Marth 5th the Club began the study of "Ivanhoe." Six weeks will be devoted to this master-piece of "The Wizard of the North." The plan is to study the various phases of the novel, bringing out the points of historical interest, as well as the literary merits. In addition, there will be a News Letter every evening devoted to current topics of interest. The good attendance at these meetings is evidence of the interest.

Philadelphia.—We learn from the daily press that a beautiful new window has been placed in the First Unitarian Church by the widow of Samuel Morse Felton, in memory of her husband, and of her son, Cornelius Conway Felton. "The design, which is a copy of Michael Angelo's Isaiah, from the Sistine Chapel, was made by Mr. John Lafarge, of New York, and the window was constructed in that city under his direction. It is of large size and circular form, occupying the southern gable of the nave of the church. The prophet is represented seated, the left arm holding the large volume of his writings, attended on the right by two child-angels. The disposition and coloring of the drapery are peculiarly fine, as are the rich tints of the background, in which deep shades of blue and green mingle harmoniously. The window is regarded as one of the most exquisite and artistic works of the kind in the city, and a great ornament to a church which already contains many valuable memorials of this kind. It commemorates, especially, a devoted member of the congregation. Exactly opposite to it is the very beautiful window to the memory of B. H. Bartol, who was long closely associated with Mr. Felton in the work and maintenance of the church."

Berkeley, Cal.—We are in receipt of the printed "Bond of Union" of the newly-organized church at Berkeley, Cal., over which Rev. Edward B. Payne, formerly of Leominster, Mass., has been called to preside as pastor. The bond under which the church was organized reads as follows: "In the love of truth and the spirit of Jesus, we unite together for the worship of God and the service of man." A further statement explains how "we do not attempt to formulate a creed, deeming it impossible to devise a statement of doctrine which would be satisfactory to all our members, or would provide for the increasing knowledge and expanding thoughts of men." A Sunday-school, a Woman's Auxiliary and a Unity Club are among the other organized activities of the church. The new society does not yet own its place of meeting, but it is hoped sufficient interest in the work will be shown to warrant the building of a church in the near future.

Women's Western Unitarian Conference.—The Board of Directors held a meeting at Headquarters on March 12. Present, Miss Hultin, Mrs. Woolley, Mrs. West, Mrs. Hilton, Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Blake. The Secretary's and Treasurer's reports were read. The programme committee reported progress [illegible] an interesting [illegible] work was made by Mrs. Reed. A nominating committee of five was appointed to report the names for officers of the W. W. U. C. for the ensuing year. Adjourned.

MARION H. PERKINS, *Sec'y.*

[illegible] Monday Club will [illegible] the question, "Are we a sect?"

—Rev. S. M. Crothers, of Chicago, will preach twice in King's Chapel next Sunday.

—The A. U. A. are pleased that Rev. G. H. Badger, late of South Natick, will fill the pulpit of the Church of the Messiah in New Orleans.

—Rev. H. G. Spaulding writes from the Pacific coast, of improving health in his family, and of his own varied work in the churches.

—The Norfolk county conference held its quarterly session in Dedham (suburb). A stirring discussion over the question, "Do the teachings of Jesus agree with the truths of science?" resulted in a general agreement that the elastic spirit of Christianity welcomes all new truths from all the sciences and from all human history.

—Rev. George M. Bodge has resigned his pulpit in East Boston to take that in Leominster, Mass.

—Several speakers at a club banquet held in this city advocated having Sunday-school Superintendents and a part of the teachers paid and held to a high standard of qualifications.

—The Norfolk County (Suburban) Unitarian Club will discuss "Competitive Co-operation," and Rev. Philip J. Moxsom (Baptist) will open the discussion.

Cooksville, Wis.—The following letter is too good to be buried in a secretary's drawer, and we give it to our readers:

DEAR MRS. PERKINS:—I am so delighted with this portable Conference called a "Religious Council," this self-determining gathering which can go when and where it chooses, and chooses the opportune hour and favorable place, that I can think of nothing else half so good. It is possible that, in connection with the Council, when it is held in places where there is no church, but a little nucleus of Liberals, instead, something might be done in the way of organizing a Sunday Circle, which would manage its own services, say, eleven Sundays out of a quarter, and pay to the W. W. U. C. a stated sum with the understanding that that body would provide for a good sermon from a live minister, once in three months. Richland Center ought to grope its way to a church organization after some such fashion, it seems to me. I read, not long since, that George Wm. Curtis seemed to take more pride in the little Unitarian church on Staten Island, and the fact that he conducted services there, than in all his fame besides. If some of this enthusiasm could be kindled in humbler breasts, many of these isolated in whom I am so much interested, might know the joy of religious fellowship.

Very cordially yours,

MINNIE S. SAVAGE.

New York Women's League.—Rev. Ida C. Hultin gave a paper before this association the 4th inst., her subject being, "The True Place of Reason in Religion." On Sunday morning, the 7th, she occupied the pulpit of Rev. John Chadwick, of Brooklyn. On the following Tuesday she attended the meeting of the Unitarian Club in New York, taking part in the discussion of the evening's topic, "Morality; What is Better?"

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Sat.—For every grass-blade its drop of dew.
—*Gems of the Orient.*

"Where Are You, Mamma?"

There is a boyish call for me
The flying hours keep bringing,
That with a rush of opening doors
Comes through the still house ringing:

A schoolboy's voice that calls to know
If I am there. Ah! dearer
With every year that call has grown
Since it has blessed the hearer.

No other name can be so dear,
For youth was ours together—
My boy's and mine—O, happy youth!
In bright and stormy weather.

I cling to it, for gathering years
Out of my life are taking
The boy I love: soon will the man
His life apart be making.

* * * * *

But when life's school for him is o'er,
Doubt not the human yearning
Will find his heart, at Heaven's door,
To that old call returning.

* * * * *

—*Frances Ekin Allison, in The Weekly Magazine.*

The Fairies' Ball.

Grandma, there are lots of fairies where we live, for I have heard them laugh and sing and play in the moonlight. You know we have no dreary winter where my fairies live; no cold, white snow covers the pretty, green grass; the wind is not chilly, and the flowers never die, the leaves never turn brown, nor are the trees ever bare, and the birds sing all the year round. The fairies are perfectly happy, for of course they could not live without flowers, birds and moonlight.

Sometimes, when the moon is so bright, it makes me think it is time to get up. I go to the window and listen; the wind that comes from where the sun has gone to bed, begins to sing just like the organ in church. First the fire-flies and the glow-worms light up the fairy ball-room, until the lovely pine woods look like the place God makes the stars in. Then the grasshoppers and the crickets, bugs and bees begin to tune up their horns and fiddles, while some of the birds join in the fairies' orchestra. One funny old bird keeps tap, tapping on an old tree, and thinks he is playing the drum. A pretty, black bird, with a red breast and yellow wings, has a flageolet; the other instruments are all taken by the mocking-bird, and whenever he sings or plays a solo everybody hushes to listen. There is a chorus of voices, too, one big bird singing quite distinctly the words, "Ever more, ever more," and the other birds sing out whenever they have a chance.

After the band are all in their places, the katy-dids and katy-did n'ts begin scolding and making the fairies hurry up; soon they begin to tiptoe, tiptoe over the grass, making ready for dancing and ring-around-a-rosy.

The old owl is floor manager, and he says, "To which, to who, to which, to who." Another bird, who wants to help manage, says, "Choose Will's widow, choose Will's widow," while everybody looks at a pretty little fairy, all in green and gold, with the tiniest little feet, standing pouting at a little boy fairy, who is teasing her, and I can just hear her say:

"Blow, breezes, blow,
Let Colin's hat go;
O'er hills and dale let it be whirled,
'Till I get my hair all curled and curled."

Then a bird sings out loud, "Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will," and everybody turns to look at a boy fairy, who is naughty and cross, because he can not have the first chance to dance with the pretty widow; the bugs and beetles begin to scold, and say, "Huzzy, huzzy, huzzy;" some others answer, "Busy, busy, busy;" the ball seems in danger of breaking up in a quarrel, until the cricket sings loud, "Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up," and the dance begins.

The big spider over in an old tree top is the fairies' spinner; his wheel goes:

"Whiz, whiz, whirl, whirl,
Lo and behold.
Reel away, reel away
Straw into gold."

The fairies' pretty dresses are made of his gold and silver threads; they sparkle and glisten so, as they dance, that my eyes are dazzled by looking at them.

Well, grandma, they dance and dance, till they're tired, then they have supper: eating violets and lily bells, and drinking dewdrop from acorn cups; they are so merry with their laughing and singing, that some little bunnies, who have not gone to bed, scamper away home to tell their mammas; the quails wake up and call, "Bob White, Bob White," and that starts the squirrels, who chatter, "Chestnut, chestnut, they'll eat 'em all up." Jennie Wren, who was taking a nap with her head under her wing, says, "Tweet, tweet;" the fairies, startled by all this noise, run away home, except a few, who have drank too much dewdrop. An old owl comes in flies round mocking them, [illegible] the words, "Kill 'em, cure 'em, physic; kill 'em, cure 'em, physic." Then I know it is morning, and creep shivering to bed. As I nestle in my pillow, I hear the turkey hen say, "I'm up, up," and the old gobbler answers, "Talk, talk, talk, gabble, gabble, gabble," and this is why I slept so late in the morning.—*A. D. M., in Home Magazine.*

LOVE begets Love. It is a process of induction. Put a piece of iron in the presence of an electrified body, and that piece of iron for a time becomes electrified; it changes into a temporary magnet in the mere presence of a permanent magnet, and so long as you leave the two side by side they are both magnets alike. Remain side by side with Him who loved and gave himself for us, and you will become a permanent magnet, a permanently magnetic force, and like Him you will draw all men unto you, like Him you will be drawn unto all men. That is the inevitable effect of love. Any man who fulfills that cause must have that effect produced in him.—*Dr. Drummond.*

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Publisher's Notes.

To my Friends the Readers of Unity:—

Four years ago, when the *Index* of Boston ceased publication, I bought the pamphlets and plates belonging to the Index Association. Among them was included a set of plates of Rev. Charles Voysey's "Lecture on the Bible," with a few hundred copies of the pamphlet. The last of these copies was sold some weeks ago, and the demand continuing, I was forced to decide whether the work should be reprinted. The international reputation of the author, and his masterly treatment of his subject were good positive reasons; my hesitation grew from the fact that the necessary destructive work of criticism which Mr. Voysey has done, might, if presented alone to inexperienced readers, tend to destroy reverence along with superstition. In this dilemma I asked Rev. Herbert Taft Root, pastor of the Unitarian church at Grand Haven, Michigan, to write as an introduction the needed constructive word. This he has done with a success even beyond my expectation. He has stated the broad view of a divine revelation showing itself through human media in successive developments, with more clearness and conciseness than I have seen in any of the recent literature on the subject.

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In another column are given a few notices from leading periodicals of Mr. Blake's remarkable book, "St. Solifer, with Other Worthies and Unworthies." This is a book that every reader of UNITY ought to have in permanent library form, uniform with the author's other books. But to those who want to read the book and do not care for the library edition at present, I have a [illegible] paper copies, slightly soiled as to cover, but otherwise perfect, which I can mail for twenty-five cents each.

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